

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

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IEWS AND INTERVIEWS

Brief Local Paragraphs of More or Less Interest.

PICKED UP BY ENQUIRER REPORTERS

Stories Concerning Folks and Things Some of Which You Know and Some You Don't Know—Condensed for Quick Reading.

"Say," said a clerk in a Rock Hill store yesterday. "I know that people would have some little feeling for us in connection with their Christmas shopping if they were only made to think, and I know that most people who do Christmas shopping can be reached through The Yorkville Enquirer. Would you mind doing a fellow a favor by printing this in your 'Views and Interviews' column or any old where in the paper. I am sure everybody will appreciate it." And he passed out this: Shop early. Shop fast. Here it is only a little less than a week till Christmas. Get out and do that shopping. Shop now and get the pick of the stock. Shop now and avoid the jam and crush of next week. Shop now and get the advantage of a price that may soar next week. Get in the habit of shopping early in the day. Clerks are not tired. You will get better service. They will feel more like waiting on you. Shop in the morning before the day's crowd has milled the goods over, before the clerk's temper is all on edge. Shop in the morning when both you and the clerk are in a good humor. Have a heart for the clerks. They are real human beings. They have feelings. They are not automatons. Give them the advantage of every doubt, and note the service you get. Shop early. Shop intelligently. Shop cheerfully.

His Last Year's Poem.

"Hearing of that beautiful Christmas poem, 'The Night before Christmas' recited by a pretty little school girl at a school entertainment last night reminds me of a parody on it that was popular with we fellows who were on the Rhine this time a year ago," said a York county man who saw many months hard going in France, Belgium and Germany. "It went: 'Tis the night before Christmas, and all through the house Not a soldier was sober—each one had a souze. The colonel is pickled on good German beer; And drunken lieutenants are sprawled there and here. The majors are loaded, the sergeants the same. And not a corporal knows his own name. While captains and privates parade up the Rhine All shrieking for cognac to mix with their wine. As for chaplains and doctors—(My what a sight!) They'll never get sober till next Christmas night. The pantries are busting with turkey and goose With cranberries, oysters—Oh what the use? With everything good sent by kind Uncle Sam To his gallant defenders who don't care a cuss Whether Christmas is spent over here or back there. With our good commissary, why should we care? Nuts, candy, good beef, dry champagne and cigars. All furnished free gratis to us sons of Mars. Some Christmas, I'll say, on the banks of the Rhine, And it's memory long like a bright star will shine. My stockings are hung where they'll get the fresh air. Goodness knows that they need it—I've only one pair. But Santa will find them and fill them I'm certain I've opened the window and pulled back the curtain. And then lay me down my Christmas repose. When bang went the shutter across my poor nose. I woke with a jump—thought I heard a loud scream. And I knew that my Christmas was only a dream. But I thought ere again I was pounding my ear I've lots of good reasons for good Christmas cheer. I am here—I am whole—we have wallowed the Boche. So I say from my heart Merry Christmas By Gosh!"

Wanted to Save Trouble.

Farmer living on Yorkville No. 1 came into The Yorkville Enquirer office a few days ago and into the circulation manager's office. "Can I pay for The Enquirer for five years ahead?" he asked. "You can," was the reply of the C. M., but I wouldn't advise you to do it. Dire things can happen in five years. You might get mad at something in the newspaper in that time for instance and want to stop it. You might die before that time. The Enquirer might suspend publication before that time is out or one of many other innumerable possibilities might occur." The farmer took out a check-book and he wrote one for \$11.25. "Oh that is all right," he said. "By paying for it for five years I am saving myself a lot of trouble. I might get mad at The Enquirer within five years; but I'll cool off in time to come to my senses through realization of what I have known for years in that it is the best semi-weekly newspaper in the state. If I die before the end of five years I want to perpetuate a good thing in my family anyhow, and as for its suspending publication I know good and well that it will come right on as long as the world holds together and all things are equal and as for any possibilities I believe that the chances are all in my favor." And the circulation

manager entered the name on the mailing lists and after it made the notation "1925."

Going to Do Likewise.

"The York county board of education has recommended a two weeks holiday for all the school children of the county," said John E. Carroll, superintendent of education yesterday. "and I have about decided upon a similar Christmas season for my assistants Misses Garrison and Saunders as well as myself. Of course I will be in and out of the office during the holidays but nobody need be surprised if they don't find me there."

The Worm May Turn.

"You know," said a prominent citizen of Sharon who loves everybody and everything that is good, "I have been held up, held down, sandbagged, walked on, flattened out and squeezed. First by the United States government for Federal War Tax, the excess profit tax, liberty bonds, thrift stamps, war savings stamps, for state, county and city taxes, the capital stock tax, merchants license and auto tax and every society and organization that inventive mind can invent and extract whatever I may or may not possess. From the Society of John the Baptist, the C. A. R., the Woman's Relief the Navy League, the Red Cross, the Black Cross, the Double Cross, the Children's home, the Dorcas Society, the Jewish Relief, American Relief, Belgian Relief, etc., etc., ad infinitum. The government has so governed my business that I don't know who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, examined and re-examined, informed and required, restrained and commanded so that I don't know who I am, where I am, or why I am here. All I know is that I am supposed to be an inexhaustible supply of money for every human need, desire or hope of the human race, and because I will not sell all I have and get out and beg, borrow or steal money to give away, I have been cursed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, hung up, robbed and nearly drained and the only reason I am clinging to life is to see what the thunder is coming off next."

Right on the Job.

Patent preparation pushers are right on the job in York county territory since announcement of Judge Sease's recommendation in the W. Starke Alston case as published in The Yorkville Enquirer. The judge, it will be remembered directed a verdict of not guilty against the negro druggist on the ground that the law on the subject of the sale of extracts, etc., was only a blind. Oily haired, sleek looking, slant eyed, dish-faced, sallow complexioned gent wearing button shoes and a cultivated cough, and bearing a suitcase full of preparation, directions on which said that it was a good laxative and also good for kidney affections and that it contained so many per cent. of alcohol touched a York county druggist Tuesday evening. "You can sell with perfect safety. It is as good as it says and then some. Kellow over in Florence is already on his seventh gross in less than two months. Fellow in Sumter has sold two gross in less than a month. Everybody's doing it. It is within the law and yet it ain't. It says it has only 19 per cent. of alcohol and yet it has that much and then some. Got everything else beat off the boards. It's a winner. If they want something for the kidneys or for the liver, it will do the work and (the whispered low) if they want something to drink, it's a good one. Let me put you in three gross. You can't lose on my proposition." The druggist said he guessed not; that he was full up.

PIONEERS OF AVIATION.

Present Plans are Result of Many Years of Experimentation.

Man has recently reached the point where he can claim to have conquered the air. Thus is fulfilled a dream as old as human thought. The story of Icarus and his wings, whose melted wax caused so disastrous a fall, and of his modern prototype, Darius Green, is well known, but real historical personages who were pioneers in the field of aerial investigation are not so well known. Over in Japan there is preserved the story of a man named Kokichi, who in olden times so offended the authorities of Okayama by his attempts at aviation that he was forced into exile.

There was an aviator of mystery in France during the middle ages—a crazy nobleman who flew across the Seine in a rude sort of machine. Professor Langley, who in 1887 made investigations of aerial problems with his "Whirling Table," Hiram Maxim who spent \$100,000 in constructing a huge flying machine in 1890, and Octave Chanute whose experiments with gliders inspired the Wright Brothers, are three men whose names should be remembered as fathers of modern aviation. It is interesting to note that with the conquest of the air all of the great physical desires of man have been accomplished. To what fields of endeavor will he now turn his attention?

The circumstances surrounding the killing of Harold Suter, the 12-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Suter, of Park, whose dead body was found in the woods near Park, on December 12, are detailed in a letter received by Governor Cooper, from Solicitor George Bell Timmerman of Lexington, who is investigating the case. Considerable mystery surrounds the case, the assumption from collateral evidence being that the youth was murdered. No arrests have been made.



'T'S "The Night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature is stirring—not even a mouse;" But Old Santa Claus listens, as common sense bids, While he chuckles and whispers—"Some wide-awake kids!"

GRADE CROSSING ALARM.

Valuable Device Invented by South Carolina Officer.

The Come-Back, a weekly published in the interests of the patients at Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, features in its current issue the story of an invention by an officer-patient from South Carolina, Captain Percy M. Feltham, of the 11th Cavalry, who underwent treatment in the hospital for wounds received through the nature detonation of a hand grenade.

Captain Feltham was injured in September 1918, and in the course of enforced illness has given much thought to matters connected with his profession. He worked out in his mind the details of a warning device for grade crossings and when he became

strong enough to move about he went into the carpenter shop of Walter Reed and built a model, afterwards filing application for letters patent. He is now in communication with capitalists who will probably place the invention on the market.

"The machine," says The Come-Back, "is simply a concrete block, seven feet long, suspended by steel rods from a cross set in the side of the roadway. When a motor car passes over the device the bar is depressed, which throws a siren against a siren being mounted on one of the arches. The siren may be heard above the road on an approaching train and in quiet may be heard 300 yards. The cutout underneath will carry off the sounding action of rain water

any dirt which might impede the functioning of the bar. Captain Feltham has received strong endorsements of his invention from many of the highway commissioners."

Captain Feltham was for some years an engineer on hydro-electric and other developments in South Carolina.

Governor Cooper on Wednesday granted a full pardon to restore citizenship to J. Ernest Cannon of Anderson convicted last February and sentenced to serve nine months' imprisonment, the charge being breach of trust with fraudulent intent.

The notice, "Ladies are requested to remove their combs," appears now on theater programs in London, because of the vogue of the huge Spanish combs among the smart women.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Santa Claus Sends Message To The People.

PEACE AND GOOD WILL TO ALL

Benevolent Old Gentleman Persuaded Into a Talk Uses The Yorkville Enquirer as a Medium for the Wide Circulation of His Advice and Desires.

Just about the middle of the handsome York county bridge that spans Catawba river between Rock Hill and Fort Mill, I met a benevolent looking old gentleman yesterday morning bright and early. His countenance bore such a kindly expression that I was reminded of Mr. J. B. Wood of Clover; he had a big bushy beard like that of Uncle John Williford of Yorkville. He carried a cane like that of Dr. W. C. Erwin of Yorkville. The very atmosphere around him seemed to bear cheerfulness and sunshine even as does that which surrounds Mr. Paul G. McCorkle of Yorkville and he walked as pert and as spry, despite the weight of many years, as does Mr. Milus Carroll of the Cotton Belt country or Mr. Barney Barron of Rock Hill. He smoked a cigar with as much pleasure and contentment as the late Mr. R. G. McCaw smoked them, and he walked as soldierly and erect as the late Mr. R. C. Allein was wont to walk. There was a twinkle in the old fellow's eye like the twinkle that comes in the eye of "Judge" W. A. Barrett when he starts to tell a good joke, and withal his personality was as pleasing as that of the officers in the courthouse is toward any person who has business with them.

I was in somewhat of a hurry, having business in several sections of the county before the day was done; but there was something about the old fellow that caused me to become inquisitive and to entertain a desire to interrogate him a bit. There could be nothing but sociability in a composite of the gentlemen mentioned above and the old fellow was as kind as could be.

"Rather cool on the river," I ventured by way of an opener.

"Yes, sir," he replied in his kindly way and with a wink in his mischievous eyes; "but did you know as them that are gold can get any kind of a stove they want over at Ford's Furniture store in Clover, or the People's Furniture store in Yorkville or at the York Furniture and Hardware Company or the York Hardware Company or Walter Hayes' place in Sharon, or at any one of the number of places in Fort Mill and this town of Rock Hill I have just left—not to mention a heap of other places?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, rather taken aback; "that is true and it is strange I hadn't thought of it before."

"Yes, if boys like you did more thinkin' you'd be a heap better off and a heap warmer," returned the old man, smiling.

And I agreed. Then his tone became as even and as smooth as that of Uncle Bob Sherer of Sharon and he said, "Now, sonny, don't you get raw with me. I wouldn't say nothing to hurt your feelings intentionally no more than Rev. O. L. Jones would, and I try to spread the doctrine of the brotherhood of man and the joy of living and sunshine and happiness just as much as Miss Ressie Mason or Mr. John Warren Quinn or Mr. Jim Sherer or any other good Christian in York county tries."

He puffed his Muriel cigar a box of which he said he had purchased from the City Pharmacy at Clover a few days before, and he spat into the river. "Sonny," said he, "know you who I be?"

I confessed my ignorance. "I'm the York county representative of Santa Claus," he said. "Don't I look it?"

And then he inquired quickly on top of his other interrogation—"don't you believe in Santa Claus?"

"Certainly I believe in Santa Claus," I replied quickly. "Anybody who believes in the things that are worth while and who believes in his fellow man believes in the spirit of Santa Claus."

"Well," he replied sharply, "I am glad to hear you say it. Some of you boys and girls when you get to the age where your mothers don't wash your ears and comb your hair, lose all interest in Santa Claus. And put this in your pipe and smoke it—it won't cost you nothing. No matter what becomes of you or where you finally arrive in this world, don't you ever get to where you don't believe in Santa Claus. It is as important and essential to real happiness and joy in life to believe in Santa Claus as it is to believe in religion or to believe in dreams. And dreams and dreamers, son, are the architects of fact, the makers of empires, warriors for higher things than empires and for higher seats than thrones. Grief has only stroked their heads with silver; but has never greyed their hopes. Dreamers are argonauts, the seekers of the priceless fessce of Truth whom, through all the ages, the voice of destiny has called from unbroken vasts. Dreamers and believers in Santa Claus, my lad, are the men and women whose brains have wrought all human miracles; in lace of stone their spires stab the skies and their golden crosses kiss the sun. It

was a believer in Santa Claus and dreams lad, who drew lightning with a kite from the clouds. Dreamers and believers in Santa Claus are the men who are blazers of the way; the men who never wear doubts bandaged on their eyes. Men to hold courage and hope."

The old gentleman paused and then he spat again. "My it wasn't necessary for me to say all that say to convince you that I am a partner of Santa Claus, was it?" he asked.

"I am glad you said it," I returned. "I'm just on an inspection trip of York county," he said "to see that all the merchants have everything they need for Christmas and that everybody is all ready for the coming of Santa Claus. While I have been only a good part of the way I have reason to believe that all is set."

"I was over at Hickory Grove the other day and I noticed that those fellows have everything folks in that section could wish for in the way of Christmas goods. J. N. McGill's Sons Company and Wilkerson and Moorehead, and the drug store of J. M. and C. R. McGill and everybody who does business there is well supplied with Santa Claus articles. Those people up at Smyrna have a plenty too, and it is so with the people who do business in McConnelleville and Guthrieville and at every country store in that section. Every business house in Sharon has a sufficiency of Christmas goods. You should take a look in Pratt's or G. W. Whitesides & Company's store or in J. D. Hope's or Shannon & Plexico's or J. M. or A. F. Plexico's, Hill's, Caldwell's, J. L. Whitesides or Sam Hope's and any of the others I may not have named."

"I needn't say anything about Rock Hill in detail. There are too many of 'em to talk about. But I notice that G. C. Deese & Co., W. G. Reid & Son, the drug stores, 'Toyland' and all the others have articles that were not in existence when I was a boy."

"Up at Clover the Clover Drug Store and the City Pharmacy, and D. M. Parrott and M. L. Ford and H. P. and F. H. Jackson, E. B. Price, R. A. Counts, the Stroups, Sherer, the Mutual Grocery, W. J. Good—everybody has been supplied by my friend Santa Claus and they are all anxious to pass them on."

"Fort Mill is well supplied and Wood & Purnley and Will Land have lots of things at Filbert and Yorkville has a plenty. Just drop into R. E. Hope's, Carroll Bros., Sherer & Quinn, Dickson Bros. E. Levy, the York Hardware Company, the York Hardware and Furniture Company, Ferguson & Youngblood, York Drug store, Feinstein's, J. M. Stroups, York Supply Company, Farmers' Hardware and Supply Company's, Kirkpatrick, M. Bratton's, W. E. Ferguson's, McConnel's, Yorkville Candy Kitchen Shieder-Snellinger Drug Co., Sanitary Market, Stewart's, Louis Roth, Sherer's Market, B. F. Smith's, Carroll Supply Company's, J. E. Johnson's, Frank Morrison's, J. M. Brian's, Nivens Brother's, and just everybody."

Santa Claus's representative paused again and spat again. "Sonny," he said, "you write pieces sometimes for The Yorkville Enquirer, don't you?"

I said I did.

"You can reach more people through The Enquirer in one issue of the paper than I could reach in any other way in a month. I want you to tell folks something through The Enquirer for the benefit of Santa Claus and Christmas: 'Tell 'em to greet the mail carriers out of every York county postoffice with a smile on Christmas morning. Tell 'em not to leave any pennies in the box that morning because the mail carriers want to get home early to enjoy Christmas, too. Tell 'em if they are having anything good to eat Christmas to offer some to the mail carriers, as a matter of Christmas cheer.'"

"Tell 'em to go to church Christmas day if there are any services at their respective churches. Tell 'em to give at least a dollar each for the orphans or anybody they know of who needs the money that day."

"Tell the kids to be careful with their firecrackers lest the fire departments in the various towns of the county have to come out."

"Tell 'em to enjoy themselves and help everybody else enjoy themselves as much as they can."

The old man threw down his cigar and drew out a pipe which he lighted. "Goodbye sonny," he said, "I reckon I'll be going on toward Fort Mill."

He walked on off the Fort Mill end of the bridge and I proceeded to crank my Ford and go on toward Rock Hill.

"Say," the old man yelled: "Tell 'em to get all their haircuts and shaves early on Christmas Eve so that Banks McKinney and Andrew Wilkerson and Holly Barron and Charlie Miller and Clarence Harvey and Pendleton and Charlie Dickson and all the other barbers over the county can have a rest. Tell 'em to have their shoes fixed right away so that Mr. Anthony and Mr. Blanton and Mr. Hope and Mr. Bean and Mr. S. J. Bell's crowd and all the rest of the shoe repair men can have a day. Tell 'em—tell 'em all to believe in Santa Claus."

And the old man waved his hand, and cane in hand, walked on behind the hill on the Fort Mill side.

—Madame Blanche Hermine Barbot, widely known organist died in Charleston this week, aged 77. She was organist at the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist in Charleston for thirty-seven years.